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WM. LLOYD GARRISON, EDITOR.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 46.

REFUGEE OF OPPRESSION.

From the N. Y. Journal of Commerce.

THE WILMOT PROVISION.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 4.

The question of the extension of slavery into the Territories, which has so much agitated the country, is, as every candid man must admit, a sheer lambing. The clamor in favor of the Wilmot Provision is all humbug, and equally so is the Southern hostility to it. It is not a question of principle brought into the Presidential election. The politicians and the people of the non-slaveholding States are naturally expected to be opposed to the extension of slavery. Pennsylvania, for instance, a commonwealth which, at a period so early in the history of the country, abolished slavery in her own limits, could not be expected to advocate and encourage its adoption at this late day, in any part of the Union. Therefore, it is a question upon which both of the political parties in Pennsylvania might be expected to agree—and, in fact, they do agree. Neither the Whigs nor the Democrats of Pennsylvania, nor of any non-slaveholding State, are in the least moment to promote the extension of slavery. How, then, can they make that a test upon the Presidential election, upon which there is no disagreement between them?

So, in regard to the South—there can be but one party to the slavery question there. With few exceptions, the people of the slaveholding States regard the extension of slavery into new territory as necessary to a preservation of their essential rights and interests. How they have been induced to change their policy in this respect—the Northern agitators of the question can best tell. But agreeing as Southern men do upon the question of slavery extension, there is no reason why they should not vote in the choice of a President. I am in hopes that they will not—and that the Whigs of the South will vote the Whig ticket—Taylor and Fillmore. I regret to see that some Northern Whigs cannot support the whole Whig ticket. They have been duped into the belief that the vote of slavery men is to be arrested by promoting the designs of a faction, which is as weak as it is unscrupulous.

The design of that faction is to separate the North and South, making slavery the dividing line—to obtain power at the hazard of destroying the Union. Of course, I do not believe that the design will succeed. This is a question of principle, and of free-soilism, or whatever else they call it, will be thrashed long before it can do any more mischief. No Southern or Northern Whig can desire to witness the establishment of geographical principles—that would be an abandonment of Whig principles with a vengeance. A geographical party is necessarily a disunion party, and there are advocates of it in the South as well as in the North. It will be known, after this election, both in the South and in the North, by its true name.

But I am led to these remarks by the repeated denunciations and disclaimers in the Northern and Southern press, at what Gen. Taylor will or will not do, as to the proslavery question, when he comes into power. It is fortunate that Gen. Taylor has so much more sense and discretion than either his friends or his opponents, as to gratify neither of them by any pledges on this subject. He has vowed in it its right—neither a mischievous nor a laudable—and if his country would allow him to make a proper reply to the question addressed to him, he would briefly say to each of his inquirers—'Sir, you are a humbug—or you are a political knave.' General Taylor's sagacity showed him, though he was not behind the scenes among the workers at Washington, and in Albany, and in Baltimore—that the proslavery question was got up, as many other questions are, on the eve of an election, by designing politicians, for the promotion of their own selfish and narrow ends.

On the second day of June last the slavery question, as connected with the Presidential election, was introduced into the Senate. A necessity had arisen for adopting such a course in regard to the question of slavery in the Territories, as would best consist with the principles of the Baltimore platform. Hence arose the struggle on the territorial bills, dividing Congress by parties or sections, and leading to a contest of the question of the slavery question in the country. A history of the proceedings and debates on the question will show what I have advanced, to wit—that the whole thing was a humbug, on both sides. Both parties were afraid to act, but both could appeal to sectional prejudice. They were afraid to come to the issue, and to make a compromise. So, they decided, and perhaps wisely, to let the matter alone—to admit Oregon as a part of the territory to which the Ordinance of 1787 applied; and to let California and New Mexico alone, till after the election.

From the Journal of Commerce.

Messrs. Editors.—As much is now said upon the subject of slavery, I beg to present your readers with an anecdote illustrating slavery in its most revolting form. It occurred during a residence of the three sessions of the twenty-seventh Congress. Having one day left some papers on my desk at the House of Representatives, and having been for them at my lodgings, which were opposite the State Capitol, I called up one of the servants, and gave him a note to deliver to the clerk to deliver them. The boy started, and within forty minutes presented himself at my chamber door with the required papers. I was astonished at his speedy return, and inquired my surprise he replied, 'My master, when I got down the Avenue, it began to look like rain, and as I like to get wet, I took a buck and rode.' 'Suppose the driver will not charge over fifty cents?' True enough, at his back was the driver, who demanded the money. Comment is unnecessary. The black fellow certainly felt that being a slave did not deprive him of liberty and privileges, to a much greater extent than is practised here by gentlemen's sons.

THE BLACKS IN GEORGIA.

Correspondence of the Journal of Commerce.

ROANOKE HUNDREDS, Va. Aug. 1848.

Let no Abolitionist risk his equanimity or his argument by coming hither. Here are 1,000 blacks of bond and free; yet here have been no laws, and heard no cry. The sleek, full, oily faces of the creatures, afford a receipt in full for the supply of their physical necessities. They assuredly have



OUR COUNTRY IS THE WORLD—OUR COUNTRYMEN ARE ALL MANKIND.

BOSTON, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1848.

THE LIBERATOR.

IS GOD UNJUST AND CHANGEABLE, OR WERE THE WRITERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN SOME INSTANCES MISTAKEN?

STAMPAH CAROLINE, Ohio River, Oct. 20, 1848.

DEAR ANDREW—I am floating along on the beautiful Ohio, sitting on a raft in the saloon of a small steamer. Many men, women and children are around me. One thin, tall woman, dressed like a lady, is sitting near me, and puffing tobacco smoke from her mouth, that she sucks from an old black pipe. She takes it coolly and comfortably. I think she is Dutch. Many men are about me, puffing out the smoke of cigars. The saloon is full of tobacco smoke, and that combined with the heat from two stoves, and closed doors and windows, makes this saloon a queer place. Bacon might be dried and smoked here in no time. Our steamer is puffing and crawling up against the current, slowly but surely. The river is so low that none but the small class boats can run on it. Nothing can exceed the beauty and decorations of the forests on either bank, the green having given place to every shade of red and yellow. The passengers, both men and women, are discussing the merits of Van Buren, Cass and Taylor. But I have other matters about which I wish to speak.

I wrote you a letter, via Liberator, a few days ago, from Richfield, touching the wars and penal laws of the Old Testament—taking this position: GOD IS UNJUST AND CHANGEABLE, OR THE WRITERS OF THE OLD TESTAMENT WERE, IN SOME INSTANCES, MISTAKEN.

I gave several cases in which the Jewish law seems to me to be God commanded and approved—certain cases that would be regarded, if perpetuated now, as supposed to the nature of God, to the relations and obligations of man to man, and to the Christian religion. I wish to state the facts of other cases as they are recorded in the Old Testament.

Abraham and Sarah were old and childless. Sarah gave her handmaid, Hagar, to Abraham, and by her he had a son, and called him Ishmael. Afterward Sarah had a son, and called him Isaac. The two boys were at play, and Ishmael mocked Isaac. Sarah said to Abraham, 'Cast out this bond-woman and her son; for the son of this bond-woman shall not be heir with my son, even with Isaac.' Abraham was grieved, and doubted the justice of the act. But God, it is said, comes in and solves his doubts, and assures his grief, and tells him to do as Sarah wishes. And Abraham cast out Hagar and her son, and she departed to the wilderness, and we hear no more of Abraham's concern about them. And we are told that Abraham gave all that he had to Isaac, and sent his children by his concubines away. Thus, as it is said, by the direct command and approval of God, cast out all his other children, and gave all he had to Isaac. Can this be justice? Was it ever just? (Gen. xvi. 9-12; xxv. 5-6.)

Again, He that smiteth a man, so that he die, shall be surely put to death; but if he smite his neighbor with a rod, or with his fist, so that he die, he shall be punished; for he is his neighbor's blood. Did God make it a crime, punishable with death, to kill a free man, and not crime at all to kill a servant, as the record says he did? (Ex. xxi. 11-20.)

Again, If a man committed fornication with a free woman, he and she were to be put to death; if he committed the same act with a bond-woman, she was to be scourged, and the man was not punished at all, except by a trespass offering; and the reason given for the difference of guilt and penalty is, because she was not free. (Lev. xix. 20.) Did God ever make a distinction between the one act with a free and a bond woman? (Deut. xxii. 23, 24.)

Again, If a woman, while living with her father, makes a promise, the father can annul that promise; and if the woman be married and makes a vow, or promise, her husband has power to annul the vow. No matter what the vow or oath may relate to, the father and husband have power to annul them, and release the wife and daughter from all obligation to keep it. This is said to have been commanded and approved by God. Did God ever give to one man being power to release another from the obligations of an oath or promise? Did God ever lay down a law sanctioning the doctrine, that a woman is incapable of making a vow or promise that is binding, and that she is under no obligation to keep a promise, unless it be sustained by her father or husband? (Num. xxx. 2-13.)

Again, A Levite travelled with his concubine into the tribe of Benjamin. He put up for the night in a house. During the night, some wicked men of the town seized his concubine, and abused her, and she was found dead at the door in the morning. The Levite cut the body into twelve parts, sent a part to each tribe—to call them forth to avenge his wrongs. The children of Israel came together before the Lord and asked—'Which of us shall go up first against Benjamin?' The Lord said—'Judah shall go up first.' So they went up; and that day Benjamin was victorious, and slew 22,000 of the Israelites. Then they came before the Lord again, and said—'Shall we go up to battle against the children of Benjamin, my brother?' Go up, said the Lord—as the writer states. They went up, and that day the Benjamites were again victorious, and slew 18,000 Israelites, making 40,000 slain. The third day the Israelites came before the Lord, and said—'Shall we again go out to battle against Benjamin our brother?' And the story is, that the Lord said—'Go up, and to-day I will deliver them into your hand.' They went up, and smote them with the edge of the sword, all that came to hand, and set on fire all the cities they came to. All this was done, we are told, by the express command and approval of God. Then the Israelites came before the Lord, and lifted up their voices, and wept, saying that they had destroyed the children of Benjamin. They bitterly regretted that they had done the very deed which the story

FREE SOIL AND FREE SPEECH—SPIRIT OF CHURCH AND STATE.

Among the comparatively few self-denying and morally courageous men at the West, who have exposed the cause of the slave—of man universally—in the most unreserved manner, and under circumstances of peculiar trial, no one has signified himself more than JAMES W. WALKER, of Leesburgh, Ohio. On the altar of that cause, he has cheerfully laid his reputation as a Christian, and his profession as a clergyman. In the last number of the Ohio A. S. Bugle, he says, among other things—

I have been writing about things spiritual, until I had nearly forgotten about things temporal. Meeting was called to form a Free Soil Club. Being in favor of Free Soil, I attended with the rest of the call-holding citizens. The leading Free Soilers were the old-fashioned Liberator men, with hardly an exception. A committee was appointed to draft a Constitution, &c. It was moved and carried by the meeting, none voting against, to instruct the committee to report a clause, opening all their meetings to free discussion. The committee reported on the night appointed. Before the usual hour for holding meetings, a fair half a dozen, met, adopted a Constitution, and signed their names. And how, think you, read the clause on free discussion?

Resolved, That all questions coming before the association, shall be open to the free discussion of all the members of the association, and such others as the association shall invite!

This club head their notices, &c., with Free Speech, &c. We challenged them to a full discussion on the character of the Buffalo platform, and the Buffalo platform, but it was no go. It is curious to see how anti-slavery constitutional conventions of the Liberty party have played at Somerset, and gulped down Van Buren, proslavery construction and all. Anderson Deupster, the leader of the Wesleyans at Leesburgh, boasted that he was the author of the idea of not voting for a man for office who was a member of a proslavery church, and who repudiated Samuel Lewis because he belonged to the Methodist Church, is the leading Free Soil man of the town, and stands side by side with the Methodist priests, advocating the claims of Van Buren. His Spenser theory and church theory all thrown by the board, at the prospect of unpopularity. But such inconsistency is not surprising on the part of a mere lay member, when the heads of the church do even worse. It will be remembered that the Rev. Edward Smith, who does more to control the sentiment of the church than any one man beside, left the Liberty party on account of its nominating and sustaining pro-slavery men for office, writing a series of letters in the 'Spirit of Liberty' on the subject, and yet he was one of the first to receive the nomination, and make a speech in its support. Well, well, these things may do for men who can swear to support the Constitution of the U. S., but they look rather suspicious.

If the parties who believe that the Constitution is anti-slavery, felt that they must vote, would it not be more consistent and more manly to vote for Gerrit Smith, who represents their views on these particular points? Many will be induced to vote for Van Buren by these blind leaders of the blind who will heartily repent of it, I have no doubt.

I leave Leesburgh with a good deal of regret; there are some glorious spirits there. Things had become so uncomfortable in reference to my family, that I felt bound to place them, if possible, in circumstances more peaceful and secure. If the friends of the cause of the slave, writing a series of letters in the 'Spirit of Liberty' on the subject, and yet he was one of the first to receive the nomination, and make a speech in its support. Well, well, these things may do for men who can swear to support the Constitution of the U. S., but they look rather suspicious.

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NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION, A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL!

'Yes! it cannot be denied—the slaveholding lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to secure the perpetuity of their dominion over their slaves. The first was the immunity, for twenty years, of preserving the African slave trade; the second was the stipulation to surrender fugitive slaves—an engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God, delivered from Sinai; and thirdly, the exaction fatal to the principles of popular representation, of a representation for slaves—for articles of merchandise, under the name of persons. . . . Its reciprocal operation upon the government of the nation is, to establish an artificial majority in the slave representation over that of the free people, in the American Congress, and thereby to make the PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETUATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

J. BROWN YERRINTON, PRINTER.

WHOLE NO. 932.

From Douglass's North Star.

AMERICA GONE MAD.

In pagan ages, men spoke fearfully of a terrible monster—the hundred-headed Hydra—which ravaged the land and devoured human bodies. In the nineteenth century, in a Christian country, among a people whose proud boast is liberty, who learn to shout in their school-boy songs, and swear to fight for it when their beards begin to grow—aye, even in America, young, bragging, god-damned America, there stalks a bare-faced barbarism, such as modern barbarians might be ashamed of—stalks, too, in the broad daylight, and is cried up as something glorious, sacred, venerable, humane and charitable! And what is it? Look and see! A mass of leathern ugliness, to which a mountain of Calibans would be like roses—a monster of three million heads, crawling to and fro, and feeding upon murdered souls, mangled up in blood—a branch of the Stygian river, full with black lies and hideous cruelties, that flows directly into the deepest hell. O, these are only vain endeavors to render conceivable what is too horrid for the mind to image, or any language to embody. What a terror it must be to the people of that region!—they delight in it—tools and madmen that they are! And more—can you believe it, reader? they worship this outrageous beast, and offer on its savage altars the sacrifice of human flesh!

Next notable and free America! Is this the summit of your shouting and your bragging—to set up an idol at which the wise world shudders, aguish, horrified, disgusted, stunned with indignation—to call it a kind and merciful creature, and bend the knee, the neck, the very soul to its foul bondage? Why, men, what devil has bewitched your senses! Are ye slumbering in the parables of hell? Are ye made drunk with Americanism, that ye have no eyes to behold your degradation, that ye have no feeling for the degradation of others? O, ye marvellous world—America, that boasted of her more than queenly throne in the Far West, stands out in her nakedness, a slave—a coward—a ridiculous fool—a laughing-stock of nations!

Is she not a slave, who is bound, body and soul, to the vilest, the filthiest, the most abominable of masters? Is she not a coward, a most dastardly coward, whose liberty is in her own hands, but lies unworn, because she dares not grasp it? Is she not a ridiculous fool? Shall not the nations laugh at her, from Ireland to Cape Horn, who is gone raving mad after an idol with three million heads? Laugh, little islands in some farthest corner of the world, such lunacy was never heard of among your naked savages. Laugh, laugh, ye long-faced Bramins; your golden Buddha has but a millionth part as many heads as this! Laugh, Turk, laugh, Jew and Gentile, Scythian, Greek and Ishmaelite! Rise from your tombs, ye pyramid-crowned Pharaohs, and make the desert ring with your laughter! Behold, Queen has become insane, and is the dust from the feet of the absurd image that she has erected the worship of a bloody-hearted people! America has forsaken the God of her fathers, and set up Negro Slavery upon her high places, that she may delight herself in its hideous form, and play the hypocrite with true religion!

Tell it to her Rocky Mountains, and they shall quake with indignation—tell it to her broad rivers and her deep blue forests—oh, they will send up a voice of winds and of waters, bellowing to the skies her everlasting shame—crying to the stars, that her white sons and her black sons, and her men, devoting like harpies the carcases of their black brothers; and the holy stars shall answer with a wail of grief—'Woe unto that land where truth is forsaken for a lie—where passion and selfishness have taken upon themselves the name of charity; the world shall laugh at it, despite and scorn; and the angels shall mourn over it, and all the devils of the lowest pit shall cheer it with curses!'

Foolish Americans, listen to the holy stars, and be warned in time. F. T. MOTT.

Leicester, England, Aug. 1848.

'HAIL, COLUMBIA!'

One of those wretched spectacles which are seen wherever the system of American Slavery is tolerated, was presented in the streets of our city, on Sunday morning last. A gang of negroes, consisting of persons of both sexes, accompanied by a white man, on their way to some arena, met, passed along Chestnut street, as the bills of the various churches were calling on Christians to assemble at their respective places of worship. In front of the procession was a large wagon, in which were stowed several women and children. This was followed by forty or fifty men and boys walking, several of them chained together, some were long, passed along Chestnut street, as the bills of the various churches were calling on Christians to assemble at their respective places of worship. In front of the procession was a large wagon, in which were stowed several women and children. 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POETRY.

EVENING REVERIE.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

The summer day is closed—the sun is set;
Well have they done their office, those bright hours.
The latest of whose train goes softly out
In the red West. The green blade of the ground
Has risen, and herds have cropped it; the young
twigs

Has spread its plaited tresses to the sun;
Flowers of the garden and the waste have blown,
And withered; seeds have fallen upon the soil
From bursting cells, and in their graves await
Their resurrection. Insects from the pools
Have filled the air with humming wings,
That now are still forever; painted moths
Have wandered the blue sky, and died again;
The mother bird hath broken for her brood
Their prison shells, or shivered them from the nest,
Planned for their earliest flight. In bright alcoves,
In woodland cottages, with barkly walls,
In noisome cells of the tumultuous town,
Mothers have clasped with joy the new-born babe.

Graves, by the lonely forest, by the shore
Of rivers and of ocean, by the ways
Of the thronged city, have been hollowed out,
And filled and closed. This day hath parted friends,
That ne'er before were parted; it hath knit
New friendships; it has seen the maiden plight
Her faith, and trust her peace to him who long
Hath wooed; and it hath heard from lips which late
Were eloquent of love, the first harsh word,
That told the wedded one her peace was flown.

Farewell to the sweet sunshine! One glad day
Is added now to childhood's merry days,
And one calm day to those of quietude.
Still the fleet hours run on, and as I lean
Amid the thickening darkness, lamps are lit
By those who watch the dead, and those who twine
Flowers for the bride. The mother from the eyes
Of her sick infant shades the painful light,
And sadly listens to his quick-drawn breath.

O thou great movement of the universe!
Or change, or flight of time—for ye are one—
That hearest silently this visible scene
Into night's shadow, and the streaming rays
Of starlight, whether art Thou bearing me,
I feel the mighty current sweep me on,
Yet know not whither. Man foretells afar
The courses of the stars; the very hour
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright;
Yet does the eclipse of sorrow, or of death,
Come unforewarned! Who next of those I love
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitter strife
With friends, or shame, and general scorn of men,
Which, who can bear? Or the fierce rack of pain,
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years
Push me with soft and inoffensive pace
Into the twilight of my age?

O do the portals of another life,
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,
Impend around me? O! beyond that bourne,
In the vast cycle of being which begins
At the broad threshold, with what fairy forms
Shall the great law of change and progress clothe
Its workings? So have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief, the old shall glide
Into the new, the eternal flow of things,
Like a bright river of the fabled heaven,
Shall journey onward in perpetual peace.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

I am Autumn, and I come
With a song of Harvest Home;
Rich and splendid is my state,
Many pleasures on my wait.
Come, my little child, and see
What the Autumn brings to thee.

Wheat, your daily bread to make,
Indian corn for Johnny cake,
Buckwheat for your nicest dish,
Rice and barley when you wish;
With every wholesome vegetable
For your Fall and Winter table.

I am Autumn, and I come
With the pear and with the plum—
Peaches for your choicest treat,
Grapes in clusters, ripe and sweet—
Apples russet, red and white,
For many a merry winter night.

I am Autumn, and my bowers
Are planted round with gorgeous flowers;
Dahlias of the richest dye,
Amaranth with its golden eye,
Cockscomb with their crimson folds,
Chrysanthemums and marigolds.

I am Autumn, and I bring
Pleasant days for visiting;
Aunts and cousins come to see,
Time flies on with mirth and glee;
Every voice unite to praise
The cheerful, bright autumnal days.

From the French of Branger.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE VOYAGE.

SUNG UNDER AN INFANT'S CRADLE.

Beloved, my friends, this bark of tiny mould,
But newly launched on life's uncertain sea,
A gentle passenger the skiff doth hold—
Ah! shall not we its crew and pilot be?

The waves to lift it from the strand prevail,
Which now it leaves forever in its rear;
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

Already Destiny the canvas swells,
Already Hope the silken cordage binds,
And hark the glittering starlight, kindly tells
Of waves propitious, and of favoring winds.

Fly hence, ye birds of dark presage, that wait;
A noble galley of the loves is here;
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

The masts are all with rosy wreaths arrayed
By sportive Cupid's light and nimble hands;
To the fair Graces offerings rich are made;
And steady Friendship at the rudder stands.

Nor, with red wine, will jovial Bacchus fail;
Nor Pleasure, once invoked, fail to appear;
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

One more, to hail our galley, comes in haste,
Misfortune, rescued now from want and woe;
She prays that every joy the babe may taste,
Which those who bind the wounded heart can know.

Sure that each fervent prayer that loads the gale,
The God who guards the sleeping babe shall hear;
Let us, who see the little bark set sail,
With our gay songs its onward voyage cheer!

"THY KINGDOM COME."

When man his brother shall no longer slay;
When chains no more shall bind the bleeding slave;
When legal murder, curse and past away,
No more shall hollow the untimely grave;
When Love, and not Revenge, shall deal with crime,
When Spirit shall be Lord in place of Sense;
When man shall not be bound to earth, and live
Making his God of shillings and of pence;
When Love and Peace and Equity shall reign;
And none shall stare while some are richly fed;
When one man shall not hoard his wealth of grain,
And see his neighbor die for want of bread;
When Earth for every man has health and home,
Then, not till then, God, will thy kingdom come.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Scottish Correspondent of the Christian Citizen.

DR. CANDLISH.

Free St. George's Church is situated at the northern extremity of the Lothian Road, Edinburgh.—The building is of recent erection, and its materials are of the most beautiful sandstone. But its most striking feature is its interior, which is a model of the most perfect and beautiful architecture of the present age. The interior is a model of the most perfect and beautiful architecture of the present age. The interior is a model of the most perfect and beautiful architecture of the present age.

Dr. Candlish became the pastor of 'Free St. George's' in 1843, when he succeeded from 'Erasmus St. George's,' at the memorable disruption; and the succeeding members of the latter Church constituted the former, upon the same occasion. Dr. Candlish is a man of note in Scotland, and is believed that his name has floated over the broad Atlantic also. At home, he is a crack preacher and rhetorician; abroad, he is regarded as an apologist for the most diabolical institution in the world.

Dr. Candlish is but of lowly origin. He bravely fought his way to fame and learning from humble life, and was chosen successor to the great and gifted Dr. Andrew Thomson, who loved liberty as ardently, and proclaimed 'freedom to the captive' as loudly and strenuously, as he has declared against 'patronage' and denounced locusts.

Dr. Candlish's mother claims a somewhat famous name, being the 'Miss Smith of Burns's' poem, beginning, 'In Mauchline shaws the bonny young bellies, &c.' No longer Miss Smith, however, but Mrs. Candlish, she became the mother of him whose name our facious Scots yet term 'wee Robbie.' The term applied to Dr. Candlish's physique is strictly true; for, although incontestably the strongest man in the 'Free Church,' and without doubt the greatest champion of that body, his own body is one of the smallest vouchsafed to those who have adorned the annals of greatness. The face of Dr. Candlish possesses a confident, supercilious expression, which appears to demonstrate an active organ of self-esteem; and there is a certain explosive appearance in his eyes and compressed mouth, that does not argue much for his good nature.

His nose tips look suspiciously up at his nose, and his under lip more so down to his lip, so that though his features express great earnestness, and his large forehead is indicative of a powerful intellect, his countenance is not one that would invite the smiles and kisses of a little child.

Some folks have declared that the mantle of Claudius has fallen on the doctor. We do not believe it. Candlish undoubtedly is now the most prominent man in the communion of which Dr. Candlish was the leader; but the genial old doctor occupied a national as well as denominational position; and if his gown and bands sat gracefully on the little person of our venerable friend, the pulpit of his patriotism and diffusive benevolence is yet unoccupied.

There are two types of the Scottish clergyman—two aspects of pulpit Calvinism, which have often claimed our attention. They are as opposite essentially, as yea and nay; but they are not so apparent to the casual observer, as they are to the student of the subject. The one type is the type of the 'old school,' and the other is the type of the 'new school.' The one is the type of the 'old school,' and the other is the type of the 'new school.'

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hard labor and the strictest economy, can elicit a family of little ones and feed them, in many times more than the usual number of children, because she will not live in filth; and at the same time, a hearty man and woman, whose children are educated to steal their fuel and provision, receive their clothing from this society, and medicine from that.

From the London Athenaeum.

THE LATE GEO. STEPHENSON—AUTHOR OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

On the 12th of August died Mr. George Stephenson, the author of the railway system, the first great practical improver of the locomotive steam engine, the inventor (contemporaneously with Davy) of the safety-lamp, and a man who displayed a vigorous and original genius in everything which he undertook. He was born on the 9th of June, 1781, and consequently, at the time of his death, in his 68th year.

Mr. Stephenson was the son of a coal-miner, and his father, as a boy, was employed in the coal-mines. He was educated at the Newcastle-on-Tyne, of parents in the humblest ranks of life. His first occupation as a boy was attending to the steam engine, used at the mouth of coal-pits. Eventually, he became a coal-miner, or surveyor or overseer; and distinguished himself in the coal district by an improved mode of carrying on the coal-mines, and by his invention of the safety-lamp, which he patented in 1815. A committee which had investigated the priority of the claims of the discoverers of the safety-lamp, gave him a public dinner at Newcastle, at which he was presented with a silver tankard and a purse of a thousand guineas. In returning thanks, he announced his intention of devoting himself to the education of his only son, Robert, at the University of Edinburgh. The history of his employment to construct the Stockton and Darlington, the first public railway, and the Liverpool and Manchester, the first on which locomotive engines were introduced for the conveyance of passengers—is well known. From the first journey of the locomotive built by the Stephenson over the railroad constructed by them, dates the actual commencement of the greatest mechanical revolution effected since the invention of the steam engine by Watt. Though self-educated—scarcely educated at all beyond reading and writing until he had attained manhood, Mr. Stephenson took every opportunity of improving himself in the advantages of science and literature.

He related that at a public dinner at the opening of the Birkenhead docks, in his early career, after the labor of the day, he used to work in the evening at mending watches and clocks, in order to be enabled to send his child to school. He was the father and first President of the Society of Mechanical Engineers; and was never better pleased than when assisting by his advice and encouragement the ideas of ingenious artisans. In agriculture and horticulture he made many curious and successful experiments—and the study of geology was a passion with him. It is feared that the innumerable works which he did, were overtaxed by the damp miasma arising from the fertilizers which he employed with great success in his hot houses. In a brief and hurried notice, it is impossible to do justice to so remarkable a man. In the words of a contemporary writer: 'His mechanical genius was of that order that it may without exaggeration be said to have been the most powerful of the human intellect. He was not only a practical inventor, but a theorist; and he was the first to have applied the principles of mechanics to the construction of the steam engine, and to the construction of the railway system.'

From the Boston Investigator.

Mr. Editor,—Your anxiety to be thought uncommodious in permitting all sides of a question to be heard, induces me to ask you to allow the following Resolutions to be discussed in your paper.

Resolved, 1st, That the greatest evil which at present afflicts the human race—that which has the greatest tendency to overthrow our civil, religious, and moral institutions, is INFIDELITY. Therefore—

Resolved, 2d, That it is the duty of the wise and good to unite their most vigorous efforts in opposition to a union of forces to destroy, at least to weaken, the moral and religious institutions of the world.

Resolved, 3d, That it is the duty of the wise and good to unite their most vigorous efforts in opposition to a union of forces to destroy, at least to weaken, the moral and religious institutions of the world.

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test, to produce a machine that would lighten that most severe labor of the farmer—mowing; many machines have been invented, but after a short trial, have been found worthless, or nearly so. Mr. William F. Ketchum, of this city, has at length produced a machine that, in the opinion of those capable of judging, answers every purpose of a mowing machine. One day the old farmer was driving the animal home much against his inclination, and getting enraged, he suddenly hoisted the old man across the fence in the road—but fortunately he only slightly hurt him. The farmer gained his equilibrium, and saw the enraged animal waving the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his fist, exclaimed, 'Hang your apologetics! You needn't stand there, you tarnation critter, a howling and screeching—you did it a purpose, yes, you did it!'

A Miserly Marquis.—A few days ago, the furniture, &c. of the chateau of the miserly Marquis of 'Aigre,' in the village of Chateau, between Paris and St. Germain, was sold by auction. This old marquis was the richest man in France; he possessed 300 houses in Paris and other towns, fifty estates in different parts of the kingdom, and appeared in the rank of a peer of the realm. He was a miser, and yet the furniture of his favorite chateau was old, dirty, wretched in the extreme, and would have disgraced a low lodging-house. There was not a decent picture, not a cushion or curtain or carpet that was not ragged, not a chair or table that was not rickety, not a piece of crockery that was not cracked.

A Dutchman was relating his marvelous escape from drowning when, thick with a companion, he was washed by the upsetting of a boat, and he alone was saved. 'And how did you escape your fate?' asked one of his hearers. 'I did not go into the water,' was the Dutchman's placid answer.

'My lad,' said a lady to a boy, carrying an empty mail bag, 'are you a mail boy?' 'You don't think I'm a female boy, do you?'

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A Huge Iceberg.—It is said that immense masses of ice are drifting at this time with the currents of the Atlantic, in the direct track of vessels passing between England and the United States. The *Blonde*, Capt. Crawford, which arrived at New York on the 20th, saw one of them on the 5th, in lat. 49° N., long. 48° W., upward of 600 feet high, and a mile in length, the atmosphere in its vicinity being completely chilled.

Quadrature of the Circle.—Mr. Seba Smith delivered a lecture in Portland on Friday evening last, on 'the Quadrature of the Circle,' in the course of which, he claimed that this problem, the solution of which has from time immemorial set at defiance the ablest mathematicians, has at length been accurately solved by John A. Parker, formerly of Portland, and now of New York. Mr. Smith further stated that several important astronomical calculations have already resulted in consequence. The process which led to this solution is in preparation for the press, and will soon be published.

The Great Sea Serpent.—When the *Dardalus*, frigate, Captain M. Quiber, arrived at Portsmouth, was on her passage home, between Cape Cod and Cape Hatteras, St. Helena, her Captain, and most of her crew, at 4 o'clock one afternoon, saw a sea serpent. The creature was twenty minutes in sight of the frigate, and passed under her quarter. Its head appeared to be about four feet out of the water, and there was about 60 feet of its body in a straight line on the surface. It is calculated that there must have been under water a length of 30 or 40 feet more. The diameter of the exposed part of the body was 16 inches and when it extended its jaws, which were full of jagged teeth, they seemed to be capable of swallowing a man standing upright between them.

A Female Giant.—Mrs. Armitage, the English giantess, is dead. She weighed about 450 pounds; measured 4 feet around the waist, 7 feet round the hips, and 22 inches round the arm above the elbow.

Rev. Micajah Colburn, (Universalist,) while walking on the track of the Northern railroad, was run over by the cars near Enfield, N. H., on Friday night, and instantly killed.

Rev. Henry Colman has returned to New York from his agricultural tour in Europe.

A writer in the *Whig Review* tells an anecdote of a lawyer, who charged his client, among other things, for making in the night, and thinking of his business.

A fire occurred at Toronto, Upper Canada, on Sunday, 29th ult., which destroyed about \$30,000 worth of property. The Hartford Protection Company insured for \$16,000.

Totipotism in Parliament.—It is stated that Mr. Lawrence Heyworth is the sole entire abutment in Parliament, with the exception of Brotherton, who is said to be the only man in the House who has not been in the House since the last session, when Anselmy did not drive into Bellamy's for refreshment.

A Giant Pear Tree.—There is a pear tree in Illinois, 40 years old, which measures about the trunk ten feet. In 1834 it bore 134 bushels of fruit, and in 1840 it bore 140 bushels.

A Pleasant Place.—A gentleman, writing from St. Louis to a friend in this city, a short time since, gives the following description of a place in that village: 'St. Louis is lively—overrun with thieves and gamblers to such an extent, that a man is not safe in walking four squares about nine o'clock at night. Robberies are frequent, and the citizens have been obliged to organize a private patrol for safety.'

From the West Indies.—Intelligence from the West India Islands has been received upon the 24th ult. Riots have occurred at St. Vincent. The wages of the black laborers having been reduced, they attacked the planters, who sought the Governor's assistance. Four of the ringleaders were imprisoned, and the rioters attacked the jail, but the military dispersed them and restored order.

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Adventures in Mexico.—By C. Donnavan. This is decidedly the best work the Mexican war has thus far furnished. The author is an editor and printer, who was clerk on a Mississippi steamboat when the war broke out, went with his boat to the Rio Grande, and as up to Canagaza, was captured near that place by the band of Guerrillas, marched through the Carrillo, Monclova and Parron to Zacatecas, where he was sold to a companion who was sold to work in a printing office, whence he escaped alone, and made his way to the city of Mexico, where he was met by Cruz and New Orleans a few weeks since. Having thus travelled over and resided in the most interesting portions of Mexico, he was enabled to give much valuable information, and he has done it in a lively and graphic manner. He has done it in a lively and graphic manner. He has done it in a lively and graphic manner.

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Did it a Purpose.—An honest, old-fashioned farmer had an unruly bull, which had a remarkable love for the old farmer, 'in a horn,' and a singular penchant for giving his acquaintance and friends a 'kick in the world.' One day the old farmer was driving the animal home much against his inclination, and getting enraged, he suddenly hoisted the old man across the fence in the road—but fortunately he only slightly hurt him. The farmer gained his equilibrium, and saw the enraged animal waving the air with his head and neck, and pawing the ground. The old man looked steadily at him a moment, and then shaking his fist, exclaimed, 'Hang your apologetics! You needn't stand there, you tarnation critter, a howling and screeching—you did it a purpose, yes, you did it!'

A Miserly Marquis.—A few days ago, the furniture, &c. of the chateau of the miserly Marquis of 'Aigre,' in the village of Chateau, between Paris and St. Germain, was sold by auction. This old marquis was the richest man in France; he possessed 300 houses in Paris and other towns, fifty estates in different parts of the kingdom, and appeared in the rank of a peer of the realm. He was a miser, and yet the furniture of his favorite chateau was old, dirty, wretched in the extreme, and would have disgraced a low lodging-house. There was not a decent picture, not a cushion or curtain or carpet that was not ragged, not a chair or table that was not rickety, not a piece of crockery that was not cracked.

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